

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."
"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."

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WHOLE No. 41.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MARY H. WILLBOR.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I greet thee, Sister! to my heart infold
Thy wild-wood warbling; thy sweet "KEEPSAKES" hold
Enshrined in Memory's casket; and the praise
Of thy soul's prayer enweave with thoughtful days.
Thy "Maimie's" spirit-voice, from realms afar
I list, in dreams beneath the Evening star.

I would transport thee from these northern skies
Into some sea-girt, Tropic paradise;
Where 'neath the royal palm and cocoa's shade—
In gems of earth and pearls of sea arrayed—
Thy poet-soul should feel the dawning near,
The sunlight glories of another sphere.

For now, the wailing winds of Autumn doom
The quivering lyre-chorus of thy soul to gloom.
The wintry chill, the drifting snow-clouds tell
Of poet summer's long and sad farewell;
And thou should'st sing, in myrtle bowers, the lay
The welcome hymns and triumphant songs of May.

But, I forget,—the immortal realm of song
Dwells in the soul; with the angelic throng
Of summer fairies nestling sweetly there,
'Mid lily bowers of dream land, pure and fair;
And "lute-like sighings" of the illumined shrine,
That greets the world with melody divine.

Then send abroad the summer songs of love;
Send 'mid the wintry storms thy spirit's dove
Unto the haunted hearthstones; to the soul
For whom life's ocean-waves in tempests roll.
Tell us in thrilling strains, of that bright shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."

And from a Sister's heart accept the love,
Tendered on earth, and fostered from above.

From the N. Y. Saturday Press.

THE BALLAD OF THREE LITTLE SOULS.

BY JULIETTE H. BEACH.

Three children played one Summer day,
At sunset, by the ebbing sea,
And moored within the shining bay,
A painted boat rocked lazily.

With prattle full of baby-love,
And bits of song that told their glee,
They clambered in, and from the shore
The boat went drifting out to sea.

"Mother!" the cry came faint and far—
Beneath the swiftly darkening skies,
They saw the home-light, like a star,
And shoreward gazed with wistful eyes.

Their mother, on the toy-strewn shore
Stood, 'mid the prints of little feet,
And with white lips, but weak no more,
Sent words of peace, and blessings sweet.

"Pray, darlings!" and with clasped hands,
And fear and faith, blent in her tones,
She knelt upon the foot-marked sands,
Whispering "Dear Christ! Thy little ones!"

Three little heads, together bent,
Strove on her form their eyes to keep:
She knew three voices, softly blent,
Said "Now I lay me down to sleep,"—

And so they passed from mortal sight—
But o'er the billows faintly borne,
She heard "O mother sweet! good night!"
From the dear lips of her first-born.

Then rising wan and tearless-eyed,
She said, "Lord, praises be to Thee!
For these white souls shall never ride,
Storm-tossed and vexed, life's treacherous sea!"

And when at midnight came the sound
Of searchers rowing mournfully,
And pale lips said "the boat is found,
And—this, that floated on the sea!"

She took the well-worn hat,
Kissed it, and laid it on her breast,
And when her silence fears begat,
Friends softly said, "she is at rest."

EXTRACTS FROM WENDELL PHILLIS' SPEECH,

Before the Fraternity Association in Boston.

* * * * *

Government arrogates to itself that it forms men. As well might the man down here in the Court House, who registers the birth of children, imagine that he was the father of all the children he registers. (Loud laughter.) Everybody knows that government never began anything. It is the whole world that thinks and governs. Books, churches, governments are what we make them. France is Catholic, and has got a Pope, but she is the most tolerant country in the world. New England is Protestant, and has toleration written all over her statute book, and she has a Pope in every village, and the first thing that tests a boy's courage is to dare to differ from his father. (Applause.) Popes! why, we have got two as signal Popes as they had in Europe three centuries ago—there is *Belloc* at Avignon, and *Adams* at Rome. (Great merriment, followed by loud applause.) So with government. Men think government forms. Let us take an example.

Take Sir Robert Peel and Webster as measures and examples; two great men, remarkably alike. Neither of them ever had an original idea. (Laughter.) Neither kept long any idea they borrowed. Both borrowed from any quarter, high or low, North or South, friend or enemy. Both were weather-cocks, not winds; creatures, not creators. Yet Peel died England's idol—the unquestioned head of the statesmen of the age; Webster the disgraced and bankrupt chief of a broken and ruined party. Why? Examine the difference. Webster borrowed free trade of Calhoun, and the tariff of Clay; took his constitutional principles from Marshall, his constitutional learning from Story, and his doctrine of treason from Mr. George Ticknor Curtis; (laughter,) and he followed Channing and Garrison a little ways, then turned doughface in the wake of Douglas and Davis (applause and a few hisses); at first, with Algernon Sydney, (my blood boils yet as I think how I used to declaim it,) declaring the best legacy he could leave his children was free speech and the example of using it; then of Preston S. Brooks and Legree he took lessons in smothering discussion and hunting slaves. In 1820, when the world was asleep, he rebuked the slavetrade; in 1850, when the battle was hottest, he let Everett omit from his works all the best anti-slavery utterances!

Sir Robert Peel was just like him. He "changed every opinion, violated (so says one of the Reviews,) every pledge, broke up every party, and deserted every colleague he ever had," yet his sun went down in glory. Why? Because his step was ever onward; he lived to learn. Every change was a sacrifice, and he could truly use, in 1829, the glorious Latin Webster borrowed of him, "*Vera pro gratis*"—"I tell you unwelcome truth." But Webster's steps, crablike, were backwards. (Applause and hisses.) "Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" Because you have your prejudices, shall there be no history written? Our task is unlike that of some meetings of late—*History*, not flattery (Applause) Webster moved by compulsion or calculation, not by conviction. He sunk from free trade to a tariff; from Chief Justice Marshall to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis; from Garrison to Douglas; from Algernon Sydney to the slave overseers. I read in this one of the dangers of our form of Government. As De Toqueville says so wisely, "The weakness of a De-

mocracy is, that unless guarded, it merges into despotism." Such a life is the first step, and half a dozen is the Niagara carrying us over.

But both "built better than they knew."—Both forced the outward world to think for itself, and become statesmen. No man, says D'Israeli, ever weakened government so much as Peel.—Thank Heaven for that—so much gained. Changing every day, their admirers were forced to learn to think for themselves. In the country once I lived with a Democrat who never had an opinion on the day's news till he had read the Boston Post. (Laughter.) Such close imitation is a little too hard.—Webster's retainers fell off into the easier track of doing their own thinking. A German once sketching a Middlesex county landscape, took a cow for his fixed point of perspective; she moved, and his whole picture was a muddle. Following Peel and Webster was a muddle; hence came the era of outside agitation—and those too lazy to think for themselves at least took a fixed point for their political perspective—Garrison or Charles Sumner, for instance. * * * * *

We shall have enough to do, if we do our duty. The world is awake—some wholly, and some only half. Men who gather their garments scornfully and close about them when their fellows offer to express sympathy for the bravest scholar and most Christian minister the liberal New England sects know—these timid little souls make daily uproar in the market-place, crying for a *broad* church, a *BROAD* church—and one who lives by venturing a bold theory to-day, and spending to-morrow in taking it back; finding that he has been

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing out,"

assures you that it is not cowardice, but lack of candles and a liturgy that makes him useless; and kind-souled man, he apologizes, and begs us not to be startled with his strange new views, having lived so long in the air of his own vanity that he does not know that we have had a broad church for fifteen years—broad enough for all races and colors, all sects, creeds and parties, for heads and hearts too; broad enough to help the poor, teach the ignorant, shield the weak, raise the fallen, and lift the high higher, to honor God and earn the hate of bad men—ministered to by one whose broad diocese is bounded on the north by the limits of habitable land, runs west with civilization, and east with the English language, and on the south stretches to the line where men stop thinking and live only to breath and to stand.

This Broad Church reformer knows his place so little that he sneers at Spiritualism and Socialism, as "vices entitled to no terms." One, an honest effort, however mistaken, to all men wholly and really brothers in life, property, and thought; and the other, that reaching into the land of spirit, which has stirred the heart, and roused the brain of the best men of all ages, and given to literature its soul. Does he give no heed to that profound maxim of Coleridge—"There are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a probability that they may be refraction of some great truth still below the horizon?"

Yes, this "Broad Church!"—humanity would weep if it ever came, for one of its doctrines is, that the Statute Book is more binding than the Sermon on the Mount, and that the rights of private judgment are a curse. Save us from a church not broad enough to cover women and the slave, all the room being taken up by the grog-shop and theater—provided the one will keep sober enough to make the response, and the other will lend its embroid-

ered rags for this new baby-house. (Laughter and applause.)

The honors we grant mark how high we stand, and educate the future. The men we honor and maxims we lay down in measuring our favorites, show the level and morals of the time. Two names have been in every one's mouth of late, and men have exhausted language in trying to express their admiration and their respect. The courts have covered the grave of Mr. Choate with eulogy. Let us see what is their idea of the great lawyer. We are told that "he worked hard"—"he never neglected his client"—"he flung over the discussions of the forum the graces of a rare scholarship"—"no pressure or emergency ever stirred him to an unkind word." A ripe scholar—a profound lawyer—a faithful servant of his client—a gentleman. This is a good record surely. May he sleep in peace! What he earned, God grant he may have! But the bar that seeks to claim for such an one a place among great jurists, must itself be weak indeed—for this is only to make him out the one-eyed monarch of the blind. Not one high moral trait specified; not one patriotic service even claimed. Look at Mr. Webster's idea of what a lawyer should be in order to be called great, in the sketch he drew of Jeremiah Mason, and notice what stress he lays on the religious and moral elevation, and the glorious and high purposes which crowned his life! Nothing of this now! I forget. Mr. Hallet did testify for Mr. Choate's religion (laughter and applause); but the law maxim is, that a witness should be trusted only in matters he understands, and that evidence, therefore, amounts to nothing. (Merriment.) Incessant eulogy; but not a word of one effort to lift the yoke of cruel or unequal legislation from the neck of its victim; not one attempt to make the code of his country wiser, purer, better; not one effort to bless his times or breathe a higher moral purpose into the community; not one blow struck for right or for liberty, while the Battle of the Giants was going on about him; not one patriotic act to stir the hearts of his idolators; not one public act of any kind whatever about whose merit friend or foe could even quarrel, unless when he scouted our great charter as a "glittering generality," or jeered at the philanthropy which tried to practice the Sermon on the Mount! When Cordus, the Roman Senator, whom Tiberius murdered, was addressing his fellows, he began: "Fathers, they accuse me of illegal words; plain proof that there are no illegal deeds with which to charge me." So with these eulogies—words; nothing but words; plain proof that there were no deeds to praise.

The divine can tell us nothing but that he handed a chair or a dish as nobody else could [laughter]; in politics, we are assured he did not wish to sail outside of Daniel Webster; and the Cambridge Professor adds to his pupils, for their special instruction, that he did not dare to think in religion, for fear he should differ from Southside Adams!—[Loud laughter and applause.] The Professor strains his ethics to prove that a good man may defend a bad man. Useless waste of labor! In Egypt travelers tell us that the women, wholly naked, are very careful to veil their faces. So the Professor strains his ethics to cover this one fault. Useless, sir, while the whole person is nude!

Yet this is the model that Massachusetts offers to the Pantheon of the great jurists of the world. I am a Boston boy, and should like to criticise it.

Suppose we stood in that lofty temple of jurisprudence—on either side of us the statues of the great lawyers of every age or clime—and let us see what part New England—Puritan—educated, free New England—would bear in that pageant. Rome points to a colossal figure and says—"That is Papinian, who, when the Emperor Caracalla murdered his own brother, and ordered the lawyer to defend the deed, went cheerfully to death, rather than sully his lips with the atrocious plea; and that is Ulpian, who, aiding his Prince to put the army below the law, was massacred at the foot of a weak, but virtuous throne."

And France stretches forth her admiring hands, crying "That is D'Aguesseau, worthy, when he went to face an enraged king, of the farewell his wife addresses him—'Go! forget that you have a wife and children to ruin, and remember only that you have France to save.'"

Then England takes up the legend: "That is Coke, who flung the laurels of eighty years in the face of the first Seldon, on every book of whose library you saw written the motto of which he lived worthy, 'Before everything Liberty.'" "That is Mansfield, silver-tongued, who proclaimed, 'Slaves

cannot breath in England, if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free.' This is Romilly, who spent life in trying to make law synonymous with justice, and succeeded in making life and property safer in every city of the Empire.—And that is Erskine, whose eloquence, spite of Lord Eldon and George the Third, made it safe to speak and to print."

Then New England takes up the record, saying, "That is Choate, who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal!"

Boston had a lawyer once, worthy to stand in that Pantheon; one whose untiring energy held up the right arm of Horace Mann, and made this age and all coming ones his debtors; one whose clarion voice and life of constant example waked the faltering pulpit to its duty in the cause of temperance, laying on that altar the hopes of his young ambition; one whose humane and incessant efforts to make the penal code worthy of our faith and courage, ranked his name with McIntosh and Romilly, with Bentham, Beccaria and Livingston. Best of all, one who had some claim to say with Seldon, 'Above all things, liberty,' for in the slave's battle, his voice was the bravest—ROBERT RANTOUL. [Prolonged and hearty paudits.] He died crowned with the laurels both of the forum and the Senate house. The suffolk bar took no note of his death. No tongue stirred the air of the Courts to do him honor. "When vice is useful, it is a crime to be virtuous," says the Roman proverb. Of that crime Beacon street, State street and Andover had judged Rantoul guilty.

The State, for the second time in her history, offers a pedestal for the statue of a citizen. Such a step deserves thought. On this let us dare to think. Always think twice when saints and sinners, honest men and editors agree on eulogy. All wonders deserve investigation, specially when men dread it.

No man criticises when friendship moulds the loved form in

"Stone that breathes and struggles,
Or brass that seems to speak,
Such cunning they who dwell above,
Have given unto the Greek."

It is a grave thing when a State puts a man among her jewels—especially one whose friends frown on discussion—the glitter of whose fame makes doubtful acts heroic. One paper, a tea-table critic, warns a speaker not born in the State, to cease his criticisms of the Webster Statue. I do not know why Massachusetts may not import critics as well as heroes; for, let us be thankful, Webster is no Boston boy. But be sure you exercise your right to think now.

His eulogy has tasked the ripest genius and the heartiest zeal. Some men say his eulogist has no heart. That is a mistake and cruel injustice! As the French wit said of Fontenelle, he "has as good a heart as can be made out of brains." [Laughter.] No matter what act Webster did, no matter how foul the path he trod, he never lacked some one to gild it with Greek anecdote, or hide it in a blaze of declamation! I do not say the deed was always whitened, but surely it was something that the eulogist shared the stain. They say in England when Charles the Tenth, an exile in England hunted there, others floundered through mud and water as they could, but the exiled King was followed by a valet who flung himself down in his path and Charles walked over him as indifferently as if he had really been a plank. How clean the King kept, I do not know. The valet got very muddy. A striking picture of Webster and his eulogists!

His bronze figure stands on State House Green. As I look at it I call to mind some lines I once saw in an album, written by Webster, when asked to place his name under that of John Adams:

"If by his name I write my own
'Twill take me where I am not known;
The cold salute will meet my ear—
Pray, stranger, how did you come here?"

In the printed speech of Mr. Everett you will find three feet, exactly one yard, by newspaper measurement, about the North Eastern Boundary map, *with a red line on it!*—but not a line, or hardly one, relating to the great Treason of the Seventh of March, 1850. The words he dared to speak, his friends dare not repeat; the life he dared to live, his friends dare not describe, at the foot of his statue! To mention now what he thought his great achievement, would be deemed unkind!

Mr. Everett's silence was wise. He could not blame; nature denied him the courage. He was

too wary to praise, for he recollected the French proverb, "Some compliments are curses." So he obeyed the English statesman's rule, "When you have nothing to say, be sure and say nothing."

But that is the printed speech. It seems some meddlesome fellow stood within reach of the speaker, and actually circulated, it is said, petitions for the removal of the statue from the public grounds. The orator forgot his caution, and interpolated a few unpremeditated sentences, "very forcible and eloquent," says the press; for the critic, termed this impudent meddler, "Mr. Immaculate," and quoted for his special benefit the parable of the Pharisee and Publican—"God be merciful to me a sinner." Singular eulogy—to make out his idol a miserable "sinner!" [Laughter.] Is this the usual method, Mr. Chairman, of proving one's right to a statue? The Publican repented, and was forgiven; but is a statue ten feet high, cast in bronze a usual element of forgiveness? And, mark, the Publican repented. When did Mr. Webster repent, either in person or by the proxy of Mr. Everett? We have no such record. The sin is confessed, but there's no repentance!

Let us look a little into this doctrine of statues for sinners. Take Aaron Burr. We will omit his private life, it might suggest comparisons. [Laughter and applause.] Tell of his daring in Canada—his watch on the Hudson—of submissive juries, of his touching farewell to the Senate. "But then there was that indiscretion as to Hamilton." Well, Mr. Immaculate, remember "the Publican." Or suppose we take Benedict Arnold: brave in Connecticut, gallant at Quebec, recklessly daring before Burgoyne? "But that little peccadillo at West Point!" Think of the Publican, Mr. Immaculate. Why, on this principle, one might claim a statue for Milton's Satan.

He was brave, faithful to his party, eloquent, shrewd about many a map, "with a red line on it!" There's only that trifle of the apple to forgive and forget in these generous and charitable days! No, if he wants an illustration, with due humility, I can give the orator a great deal better one. Sidney Smith had a brother as witty as himself, and a great hater of O'Connell. "Bobus Smith," (or so they called him) had one day marshalled O'Connell's faults at a dinner talk, when his opponent flung back a glowing record of the great Irishman's virtues. Smith looked down a moment. "Well, such a man—such a mixture; the only way would be to hang him first and then erect a statue to him under the gallows." A disputed statue rising out of a sea of angry contempt, half-hearted admiration, and apologetic eulogy reminding me of the old Frenchman tottering up, at eighty years old, to vote for Louis Bonaparte. "Why, he is a scoundrel," said Victor Hugo.—"True—very true—but he is a necessary scoundrel." "I had rather," says Cato, "that men would ask why I had not a statue, than why I had;" and the gentle pen of Joseph Addison could record, as he wandered through the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey—"I find many a poet without a monument, many a monument without a poet."

Ah, as the Greek said, "many men know how to flatter, few men know how to praise." These Cambridge professors and fair weather eulogists have no ability to measure Webster—either his capacity or his faults. They were dazzled blind by the splendor of his endowments, they were lost in the tumult of his views. Theodore Parker's estimate is the truest ever made. History will adopt it as her verdict. His head and heart were the only ones large enough to grasp the subject, and brave enough to paint it truly. (Enthusiastic applause.) The real admirer of Webster turns from these French daubs to find there the cool, truthful tone of Raphael, and feels that the statesman has met there his kindest critic, and the man his most appreciating judge. Accuse us not if we award him blame as well as praise. As I said just now, our task is history, not flattery. I know well that every statesman must compromise; but as Macaulay says—A public man is often under the necessity of consenting to measures he dislikes, to save others he thinks important. But the historian is under no such necessity. On the contrary, it is one of his most sacred duties to *point out clearly* the errors of those whose general conduct he approves. If this be true of "errors" how still more sacred this duty when the question is one of treachery to Liberty herself?

Blame me not that I again open the record, Mr. Chairman. His injudicious friends will not let him die. Indeed, the heavy yoke he laid on innocent and friendless victims frets and curses them yet

too keenly to allow him to be forgotten. He reaps only what he sowed. In the Talmud; the Jews have a story that Og, King of Bashan, lifted once a great rock, to hurl it on the enemies of Judah.—God hollowed it in the middle, letting it slip over the Giant's neck, there to rest while he lived. This man lifted the Fugitive Slave Bill to hurl it, as at Syracuse, on the trembling and hunted slave, and God has hung it like a millstone about his neck for evermore. [Applause.] While the echoes of Everett's periods still linger in our streets, as I stood with the fresh printed sheet of his eulogy in my hand, there came to me a man, successful after eight attempts, in flying from bondage. Week after week he had been in the woods, half starved, seeking in vain a shelter. For months he had pined in dungeons, waiting the slow step of his master. At last God blessed his eighth effort, and he stood in Boston on his glad way from the vulture of the States to the safe refuge of English Law.—He showed me his broad bosom, scarred all over with the branding iron, his back one mass of record how often the lash had tortured him for his noble efforts to get free. I looked at him, and the empty and lying eulogy dropped from my nerveless hand, and I thanked God that Statute and Eulogy both were only a horrid nightmare, and that there were still roofs in Boston, safe shelter for these heroic children of God's right hand. [Prolonged applause.]

But you and I Mr. Chairman, were born in Massachusetts, and we cannot but remember that the character of the state is marked by the character of those it crowns. A brave old Englishman tells us the Greeks had officers who did pluck down statues if they exceeded due symmetry and proportion. We need such now he adds, "to order monuments according to men's merits." Indeed we do! Daniel Webster said on Bunker Hill, in one of his most glorious bursts of eloquence: "That motionless shaft will be the most powerful of speakers. Its speeches will be of civil and religious liberty. It will speak of patriotism and courage. It will speak of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind. Decrepid age will lean against its base, and ingenious youth gather round it, speak to each other of the glorious events with which it is connected, and exclaim, thank God, I also am an American!" It is a glorious lesson, and the noble old shaft tells it daily.

But when ingenious youth stand at his pedestal, what shall they say? "Consummate jurist! Alas that your last effort was to sneer at a "Higher Law!" Most able and eloquent advocate! could you find no other cause to plead than that of our lowest instincts against our highest and holiest sentiments? Alas that your last and ablest argument was the duty of hunting slaves! Sagacious Statesman! Fated to die not very old, and yet live long enough to see all the plans of your manhood become obsolete ideas, except just those you have abandoned! Surely you were a great party leader! for you found the whig party strong, spent life in its service, and died prophesying its annihilation; found it decent, at least in profession, left it despicable in utter shamelessness; found it the natural ally of free labor and free speech, stirred it to a contest with a rival in servile bidding for Southern fellowship and left it despicable for the attempt, and still more despicable and ridiculous for its failure! The curses of the poor have blighted your laurels. You were mourned in ceiled houses and the marts of trade; but the dwellers in slave huts and fugitives along the highways thanked God when you died, that they had one enemy less.—Wherever that terrible face turned, it carried gloom to the bondman. Oh how many a humble heart did it cost the loftiest Christian principle to forbear calling down curses on your head!

"And yet, your flatterers tell us, this was the 'grandest growth of our soil and institutions!'—This the noblest heart Massachusetts can offer to the world for a place beside the Phocians and the Hampdens—the Jays and the Fayettes! Thank God, then, we are not Massachusetts men!"

When I think of the long term and wide reach of his influence, and look at the subjects of his speeches—the mere shells of history—drum and trumpet declamation—dry law, or selfish bickerings about trade; when I think of his bartering the hopes of four million of bondmen for the chances of his private ambition, I recall the criticism on Lord Eldon—"No man ever *did* his race so much good as Eldon *prevented*." Again, when I remember the close of his life spent in ridiculing the Anti-slavery movement as useless abstraction, moonshine, "mere rubadub agitation," because it did

not minister to trade and gain, methinks I seem to see written all over his statue DeTocqueville's conclusion from his survey of French and American Democracy—"The man who seeks freedom for anything but freedom's self, is made to be a slave."

* * * * * Has the state, then, no worthier sons, that she needs import such poor material? Within her bosom rests the dust of Horace Mann, whose name hundreds of thousands of children on Western prairies, looking up to Massachusetts teachers, learn to bless. He bears the sceptre of Massachusetts influence to the shores of the Pacific. When at the head of our Normal School, a colored girl was admitted, and the narrow prejudice of Newton closed every door against her—"Come to my table; let my roof, then, be your home," said Mr. Mann—(Heartly applause.) Antioch College staggered under \$60,000 debt. One, bearing the form of a man, came to its President and said. "I will pay one-sixth, if you will promise me that no negro shall enter its halls." "Let it perish first," was Horace Mann's reply. [Renewed and enthusiastic applause.] The legislature is asked to put his statue opposite Webster's. Oh, no. When the Emperor makes his horse a consul, honest men decline a share in the consulship. While that ill-used iron stands there, our State is in bad odor to offer statutes to anybody.

At Reval, one of the Hanse towns, they will show you in their treasury, the sword which, 200 years ago, beheaded a lawless Baron for daring to carry off his fugitive slave from the shelter of the city walls. Our great slave hunter is beyond the reach of man's sword; but if any noble soul in the State will stir our mother Massachusetts to behead his image, we will cherish the name of that true Massachusetts boy as sacredly as they keep the brave old sword at Reval. [Loud and prolonged applause.]

MRS. GREEN'S CIRCULAR.

In unfolding the Life-Work that came to me to be done, certain remedial agencies, or Principles of Healing, have occupied my attention, more or less, for the last seven years, completely engrossing it for about as many months. These Remedies consist of a Medicated Fabric called the Electro-Magnetic Girdle, with its adjuncts, certain Elixirs and Embrocations, for internal and external use. As the magnetic forces they include, act in conjunction, the whole power is concentrated on one grand object, that of correcting all disturbance of the Electrical Conditions, which is Disease, thus restoring the Electrical Equilibrium, which in other words, is Health.

From a careful and varied observation of effects in this treatment, I am led to believe that it combines the properties of Magnetism, Electricity and Water, and in the combination evolves powers that do not belong, singly, to either of its constituents. Results have certainly been remarkable. Hard old complaints that had for many years stoutly resisted all other remedies, are by this cheated out of their stubbornness. Among these the worst forms of disease in the Liver, Kidneys and Spleen, are overcome and yield at once to this most potent Remedy, while Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fevers, Colds, Cholera Difficulties of the Chest and Pains in general, are subdued with astonishing speed and strength. I have seen it cure Tooth-ache, of long standing, in a few minutes, and take away other severe pains almost instantaneously. In short, every step has been clothed with power. Knowing that these results are established on a universal principle—Electrical Equilibrium—it is easy to see that the Treatment, itself, must be wrought into a Universal System of Medical Practice. Its great excellence is, that while it manifests this remarkable power, it is yet so cheap and simple, that the Poor and the Ignorant may buy and use it, without embarrassment and without danger.

Connected with this Battery in Muslin, and acting conjointly with it, are certain Internal Remedies, which, as they possess a magnetism corresponding with that which is applied to the surface, assist the vital forces in restoring themselves to their normal condition or action, which, in health, is always from the center, outward. This principle is manifest in all true Life, Conservation and Growth, while its disturbance, in any case, constitutes disease.

It should be mentioned here, that by the Electro Magnetic Plaster, Cancers of the worst type are cured without pain. Dr. S. S. Lyon of Newark, N. J., has, by its means, treated patients with eminent success. One of them, Mrs. Howell, had previously had her cancer twice drawn out by some preparation that caused her extreme pain, she declared herself ready to die, rather than submit to it again.

In this state of mind she was led to Dr. Lyon, who gave her the plaster; and although the tumor was of a very malignant character, it disappeared as if by magic, for in a few weeks it was completely absorbed by the Remedy, which, let it be remembered never drives the disease back into the system, but takes it completely away, leaving the most vigorous and healthful conditions.

Another remarkable case was in James Scongall, one of the most respectable citizens of Rockford, Ill. and a man already far advanced in life. The cancer was of three years growth, had eaten up half of the cheek and as much of the gums, leaving a fearful cavity. The jaws were closed; and he could take his food only in liquids. Upon this corrosive stratum a prominent fungus was formed, four inches in diameter, and even larger on the inside. The pain and anguish were, and had long been intolerable; but relief came with the Plaster. In three months the disease was effectually subdued, notwithstanding the delay twice caused by a loss of medicines on the way; and in less than five months the pain, fungus and cancer, were all gone, and the once closed jaws were opened. By the last report the patient declared himself nearly well—able to eat whatever he likes—and enjoying life better than before his affliction.

I am very anxious to put these remedies, especially the Magnetic Girdle, into the hands of intelligent and skilful Practitioners, that the principle may be fully and fairly tried, which is, I believe, all that is now required to bring it into the right shape, and the commanding position it is soon to assume before the world. Houses must be established for the treatment of difficult cases, and an intelligent comparison of facts with principles systematically and scientifically instituted. I now not only see that Pulmonary Consumption is to be cured, but how it is to be cured; for the whole treatment has been unfolded to me. Experiments are now making, which go to show that Scrofula in all its forms, may not only be radically cured, but that it may be arrested in its latent state, and thus its appearance actually prevented. And as the virus with which the system becomes inoculated by bad passions, depraved appetites, a want of cleanliness, a morbid condition generally, is not essentially unlike that which inheres by transmission, it follows that drunkenness, licentiousness and insanity, may be systematically and permanently cured; and even idiocy may be developed into a comparative intelligence and usefulness. Whoever experiences the healthful and soothing effects of this magnetism, could not doubt its power to heal and harmonize the pangs of discord, both of body and mind.

As every step in this treatment is essentially new, I find it impossible to give the needful directions on a label, or bottle wrapper. It therefore becomes necessary to put the whole into more complete form, as will appear in the following

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The proper and distinctive powers of the Electro Magnetic Girdle, with all its connections and dependencies, its philosophy and its facts, are soon to be unfolded in a work of considerable extent. It will include a history of Scrofula, its origin, prevention and cure, with a treatise on the treatment of pulmonary consumption. This will show, by irresistible demonstration, that the scrofulous taint, or inhering virus, which is the fruitful root of almost all diseases, may absolutely, and forever, be eradicated from the system.

The price of the book will not exceed fifty cents. It will contain so much of Autobiography as will show how the author was led into these discoveries, and whatever else may be deemed necessary for the complete unfolding of the 'peculiar treatment which it involves. With it and the accompanying remedies, any person of tolerable self-reliance, will, in ordinary cases, at least, know how to proceed without a physician.

It is because I not only believe, but clearly see, the great value and importance of these things, that I now ask aid of publishers in sending abroad these good tidings. According to the degree of their own sight they will help me. I have witnessed too much of power to doubt, at this advanced stage. Whatever is ultimately best for my work, that I shall find. Whatever I am to do will be done; and resting in this simple faith I watch and work.

Persons wishing for copies of the book should send their names to the subscriber, as early as possible. Agents may find it for their interest to negotiate for this and the sale of the medicines.

Address Box 446, Providence, R. I.

FRANCES H. GREEN.

THE AGITATOR.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

CLEVELAND, O., DECEMBER 1, 1859.

REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.—Frances H. Green; Frances E. Hyer; S. J. Finney; Cora Wilburn; G. B. Rogers, M. D.; Hudson and Emma Tuttle; Mary H. Willbor; T. S. Shelden; Sarah C. Hill and M. Durais.

Those who receive a specimen copy of the AGITATOR, may understand that they have been invited to subscribe for it and obtain subscribers.

OUR TYPO.

The removal of the "Typo's Table" from its accustomed corner in the Agitator, has elicited many enquiries from our readers. We have heretofore only replied, "She is moving on in the even tenor of her way."—Left her "Table" in our office for a situation that promised better in some respects.

But she appears again before the public and in a somewhat different character—the heroine of tragedy. The questions are no longer "Where are the Typo's articles? why does she not write oftener?" but "Of what stuff is your Typo made?" "Who is the brave girl?"

For the benefit of those who have not read the Cleveland papers of late, or participated in the confusion that followed the pistol reports hereabouts, we will answer briefly: Miss H. is a small, eighteen-year-old printer. So far as is known, she is fatherless, motherless, brotherless, homeless and moneyless. She has energy, genius, a good education. She is impulsive, generous, often self-willed, and always self-poised. She is not faultless—who is? but a libertine might as well hope to pollute an iceberg by his treacherous smile, as to expect to de-throne purity in that girl's soul.

Less than two years ago, circumstances brought the typo to our office—our home was hers. We became friends. For some time she was our principal compositor, but hoping to better her condition pecuniarily, she changed offices. In the new office she, unfortunately, made the acquaintance of a man who has been blessed with the love of mother, sister, wife and daughter; but all these loves failed to teach him the sacredness of woman's love or woman's reputation. He boasted in public and in private of the number of loving, trusting hearts his guilty hands had ruined. Miss H., he avowed, was one of the victimized. Her name became a jest and a byword among the semi-humans that herd in the suburbs of Hell. Miss H. was discharged from the office while the reputation-murderer went unrebuked. She wrote the wretch a letter that would have aroused slumbering Justice in a human heart; but an insult was the only reply. She called upon a lawyer, and, by every means, tried to meet the traducer, in hopes to obtain a confession of guilt; but he studiously avoided her. Goaded to desperation, she purchased a double barreled pistol and went forth to cancel the account. More than one "God help you" followed her as she went. She was, however, unsuccessful. The man who had stolen her good name, stole the pistol as she presented it to his breast. She then implored him to take back the infamous falsehoods he had put in circulation; but he with a sneer and a curse went on his way. She purchased a second pistol, and meeting him in disguise, in the hall of his boarding-house, sent a ball whizzing through his hair. She was arrested, gave bail and went about her work, seemingly wondering at the excitement she had produced. Public opinion, (strange as it may seem) is on the girl's side; and had she succeeded in killing the man, there could not be found a jury in the land that would convict her, or a sheriff to hang her.

A few people talk about the horrors of taking life, and of "womanly graces." Better talk a little more about the abomination of suffering worthless beings to go at large, whose only life-mission seems to be to destroy the peace of families, and the reputation of innocent women.

If there is no law that will reach this class of desperadoes—no law to protect those whose wealth consists in soul-virtues—then for woman's sake, let there be a law to allow woman to protect herself. At any rate, the little "Typo" will teach people to beware how they lay their unholy hands upon her character.

ALMANACS.

We have for sale Fowler & Wells' Illustrated Phrenological and Water Cure Almanacs for 1860. Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent.

Northwestern Home and School Journal is out in a new form and dress. Looks charmingly. Long life to it.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Saturday, the 12th ult., was the stormiest day in our Calendar, but we managed to make it seem pleasant. With the day dawn we gathered together papers, yarn, needles, crackers, &c., and sent them, together with an hundred pounds of humanity, to the Mahoning Depot. A few people were there, Youngstown bound. A clean car, a bright fire and good company gave us a home-like feeling. There is no confusion or hurry on the Mahoning Road, consequently no fear, no danger of accident. No changing of cars, no waiting for connections. The engine, like an independent thinker, moves off, and moves on at leisure. The sensible thing knows better than to go blustering through the world, getting up rows and funerals. We were positively but six little hours in going sixty-five miles. But then we accomplished something in that time besides seeing the country; knit a mitten, read the morning papers, and listened to several short sermons from the poet editor of the Mahoning Register.

In Youngstown we found a good friend and a warm dinner. Then we went out some eight miles to a little town on the Mahoning river. The water came tumbling out of the clouds, which did not tend to render a buggy ride altogether pleasant, but our situation was far better than that of the noble beast that went uncomplainingly along with us.

That night the Methodists opened the doors of their Church and gave us permission to go in and speak our thoughts upon "Woman's Wrongs." We had anticipated empty seats, but were most happily disappointed.

Sunday the minister allowed us to speak a part of the day in his pulpit, and many of his hearers gave us a patient hearing. Doesn't this speak well for Christian toleration?

SATURDAY NIGHT.

I love this holy time. The forest leaves
Beneath the noiseless hues are bending low,
And faintly glowing in the starlight pale,
As if the visions that came o'er their sleep,
Were of the spirit land. The mountain pine
Has hushed its melancholly music now,
The weary winds are slumbering in the heavens,
Or keeping sacred vigils on the cloud
Far glimmering in the sunset—all is still,
Save that the distant waves are murmuring low,
Like a lost angel mourning his sad lot
Of exile from the blessed.

PRENTICE.

Who does not love Saturday night? Who would not bless the name of the inventor of this grand institution—if he knew it? Blessed night! The prelude to the day that brings quiet to the world without; a resting place in life's wayside, where we may pause to review the past and gather strength for the future. The editor pockets his unread books and papers and—casting a careful glance about to see if all is safe—turns homeward saying to his soul: "The morrow is mine; I may write or listen to a sermon; perpetrate a poem or scissors two. What a time of reading and of overhauling papers, drawers and boxes! I shall heed no tapping at my office door, to-morrow—for this is Saturday Night."

The toil-worn laborer, with his hard-earned pittance, turns to hearts rich in love, and thanks God for Saturday nights.—The clergyman has written "amen" upon his to-morrow sermons; the warrior sheathes his sword; the politician ceases from the war of words for a little season; the merchant, the mechanic, and the student, close books and bolt doors—and all gather, with the living treasures, where war, contention and traffic may not enter; where the twin angels, love and content, are not unwelcome guests. The mother gathers about her the treasures of her household, and listens with the devotedness that only a mother may know, to the evening carol, and then blessing-laden she sends her darlings into dream-land, and then turns to the soul's sanctuary to meditate—to pray, it may be.

Saturday nights! Milestone's in Life's high-way they seem. The traveler pauses, looks into the misty past and seeks to rend the veil that shrouds the future. How memories, pleasant and mournful, like ocean waves, come drifting upon the Past! We gather therefrom floating leaves, some brown and sere, others of immortal verdure, and weave them into a garland to grace the inner chambers of the soul.

The mother thinks of her child, wrecked upon the ocean of life, and wonders if on a night like this his thoughts turn homeward—to the time when, in his innocent years, he bowed his head upon her knee, and murmured, "Lead us not into temptation." She thinks, too, of the darlings she sang to their dreamless sleep in the Saturday night that preceded the Sabbath of the soul; and thanks Heaven that her innocent lambs are sheltered in the Upper Fold.

The old man, it may be, is listening to-night, to the dead leaves drifting against his window-pane, and fancying that in their murmurings he hears the voices long ago hushed. These rustling leaves may tell him that they, like him, had their springtime, their summer bloom, and now their autumn decay. May they not whisper, too, to that lone soul in Life's Saturday night, "For you there is spring eternal, a resurrection Sabbath, where decay comes not, where love-links are not broken."

The sky is hung to-night with vapory curtains; the stars

have veiled themselves; the moon is on a journey to the Old World; the watchman's "all's well" has died in the distance, and I am alone with the shadows and the phantoms.

Like the dove of the deluge, I sent the spirit down the vale of Pleasant Memories, in search of olive leaves. Back it came with all this host of shadow-forms that crowd about me now. They are welcome and familiar all. I knew them long ago in Memory land. Glorious souls are they—these guests of mine. The earth has been gladdened by their smiles. Want, and woe, and crime, have disappeared at their approach. Some wearied in life's march, and have gone through the gates of rest. Others are in the Master's vineyard yet. Blessings on them all! They have brought me sun-light from beyond the cloud; to the wild waves of sorrow they whisper "Peace! Be still!" and to my soul there cometh a calm.

Blessings go with ye, friends! The night is passing, the Sabbath is dawning.

Blessed forever be the memory of the loving and the loved. With spirits sinless, and love deathless, may we whose day is not ended, pass the portal that leads to the Sabbath that has no ending, and meet a welcome as warm as I have given this angel-band to-night,
FRANCES BROWN.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

CAPT. JOHN BROWN'S FRIENDS intend to celebrate the day of his execution in such manner as to them seems most befitting the occasion.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BIBLE.—A gentleman in Philadelphia objects to some of Mr. Finney's views of the Bible and asks room to present "the other side." We will most cheerfully give it as soon as some of the long articles now on hand are disposed of.

WE are under many obligations to contributors for their excellent communications; but we must remind them that *patience* is one of the Christian graces. We have all the long articles on hand we can print for three or four months.

THE AGITATOR comes to us this week laden with fresh thoughts. It lends a generous hand to the oppressed, but it raps the oppressor with an iron fist. Its whole heart goes for the reformation of mankind.—*Banner of Light*.

BOOKS SENT BY MAIL to Mrs. Polly Fitch; Dr. Britt; C. O. Jenkins; E. B. Loudon.

AGENTS.

CERTIFICATES OF AGENCY.—This may certify that Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Editor of the Agitator, Cleveland, Ohio, is authorized to receive and receipt subscriptions for the Telegraph and Preacher, and for books contained in our catalogue, until farther notice.
CHAS. PARTRIDGE.
—*Telegraph and Preacher*.

NEW AGENTS.—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Editor of the Agitator, at Cleveland, Ohio, is duly authorized to act as agent for the Investigator, and will receive subscriptions or moneys due us for the Investigator or books. Her receipt for money, as above, will be credited by us.—*Boston Investigator*.

AGENTS.—Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Editor of the Agitator, of Cleveland, Ohio, is an authorized agent of the Banner, and will receive subscriptions for us.—*Banner of Light*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The following books will soon be published and for sale at the Agitator office.

Thirty-two Wonders, or the skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus. By D. Lyman, Jr. Price 25 cents. Bela Marsh, Boston, Publisher.

Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen, formerly member of Congress. Published by Lip-pincot & Co., Philadelphia.

Finney's Lectures are stereotyped and will be ready for purchasers by the 10th of December. Price in paper 25 cents, postage 4 cents. In cloth binding 38 cts., postage 8 cts. Those who have already paid for the book, will receive theirs by mail. We shall await orders from those who have only subscribed. Any considerable number will go cheaper by express than by mail.

The Thinker will be out this month. Price \$1.00, postage 18 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Q. Y." We cannot publish your communications at present. We have long articles enough for three months.

A. Evans—We will bind the numbers of the Agitator at the close of the year, which will make a good-sized book. How shall it be sent?

Mrs. Todd—You shall have a hearing soon.

Miss Bishop—Your time had not expired.

O. L. Sutliff—The letter from B. has not come.

Crowded out—Several articles to give place to Wendell Phillips, Lecture.

THE CHRISTMAS TREAT.

We find it quite impossible to get the promised book out in season for Christmas; but in due time it will be forthcoming.

THE DAVENPORTS.

CHAGRIN FALLS, Nov. 12, 1859.

EDITOR OF THE AGITATOR: The Davenports, as you are no doubt aware, have paid us a visit. As a matter of news, which may, perhaps, be of some interest, I propose to give you an account of the doings in this place while they were here. I need not describe the manifestations, they being as usual speaking through a trumpet, tying and untying the mediums with cords, sawing boards with a hand-saw and driving nails with a hammer. Also, playing on several instruments of music, all, as usual, in a dark room; with the exception of some feats of table moving, at the houses of private friends.

From the first the circles were annoyed by the striking of lights; in some five instances, no doubt with the honest intention of detecting deception, but without success. In one instance, and only one, several persons declared that they saw the trumpet, at the instant the light was struck, at the mouth of the medium, while others declared that they saw it in the air about six inches above her head. This kind of testimony, coupled with the fact that the medium's hands and feet were tied, and a handkerchief folded several times, tied over her mouth, which did not appear to have been in the least disturbed, could not fail to raise a doubt, and only a doubt, in favor of the honesty of the medium. At length a young man removed his boots, and crept up to the table for the purpose of detecting the mediums; but his statements and the circumstances were so much at variance, that the doubt was rather increased than diminished. Not succeeding in this way the opponents of Spiritualism chose another mode of attack. I say the opponents of Spiritualism, not the unbelievers. For I doubt if there is one in ten among them, who could be persuaded to go alone into a grave yard on a dark night, least he should meet a spirit.

Actions speak louder than words; and however much persons may try to persuade themselves that they do not believe in the existence of spirits, this intuition and involuntary feeling of dread, gives the lie to their assertions, and is one among the most conclusive evidences of spirit existence; not confined to either age, sex or condition; it is felt in infancy and age, savage or civilized. It is felt in defiance of all teaching and resists our deepest prejudices and strongest efforts of our will. But this is a digression.

On the evening of third inst., a gang of boys and rowdies gathered in front of the place where the circle was being held, and having procured a drum, a tin horn and some other instruments of noise, among which was a dry goods box for a fiddle and a scantling for a bow, they commenced operations, shouting at the same time with all the strength of their lungs. This lasted for near an hour. The circle was not much disturbed, being held in the rear of the building; but every other decent person for miles around was.

After the circle closed, the mediums, with a friend or two, called at the house of Dr. H. The rioters followed and entered the Dr.'s yard when they again commenced their disturbance. The Dr. went and persuaded them to go away, which they appeared to do, and the friends with the mediums, also left in a short time, after having had a short sitting for raps and table moving. Not long after the friends left with the mediums, the mob returned with fire-arms, and approaching the house without noise, one of the number threw a large stone against the front door. Mrs. H— went and opened the door and stepped into the porch, when a pistol loaded with ball was discharged at her, the ball passing close to her person and striking the house behind her. When she immediately returned into the house and closed the door. Some eight or ten guns were discharged when the mob hastily

retreated. The Doctor followed them more than a quarter of a mile, when he was discovered not to be one of the rioters, and three balls were discharged at him, as he thinks, from a revolver, but without effect. The above, as relates to the doings at Dr. H.'s, was related to me by one of our justices of the peace, who had the report from the Doctor and his family, the next morning. Apparently frightened by the enormity of their own doings, and fearing least the law might be disagreeably enforced, no attempt was made to disturb the circle afterwards during the stay of the mediums.

But it is an old adage that it is easier to raise the devil than to lay him, and the truth of this would appear to have been demonstrated in this case. The boys having got a taste for the fun of disturbing meetings, went on the next Sunday evening to the meeting of the "Bible Christians," where they created so much disturbance that the authorities were appealed to, and on Monday they were taken before a magistrate to answer for their doings. What was done with the boys I have not learned, but probably they were reprimanded and lectured upon the difference between a meeting held for the manifestation of Holy* Spirits, and a meeting held for the manifestation of other spirits; and the principles of Divine Aristocracy were so clearly explained as to enable them to understand it, and make the distinction in future. But if not, it is to be hoped that our pious friends have learned a lesson;—that they have learned that mobs and riots are not the best means of inculcating good morals in society, and that if they would live in peace, they should do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

C. B. R.

*By Holy, I understand anything consecrated and set apart for religious purposes.

DEAR FRANK:

A friend asks, "What do you think of Violet?" meaning, not my favorite perfume, but a real little flesh and blood, "ne'er do weel" of a child, such as we all know dozens of, that Mary Willbor tells us about in the Agitator.

Well, dear F., it reminds me of a bunch of violets. I once plucked from the sod, and placed in the center of a dish of moss on the table before me. A light breeze from the S— river stole over it so gently, occasionally scattering a light shower of odor like enchantment over my brain, then flying away with it—where? Soft whispers, as of loving and glorified spirits filled the air. Tender sighs, as from beautiful, overcharged souls, floated about me. When I stooped close to it, a smell of earth, a thought of woods and moss-covered stones, and roots of trees, showed me earth, our beautiful and blessed mother, with her broad bosom heaving with life—or love, which is life—beneath the warm embrace, the magnetism of the sun, and pouring out its treasures unceasingly.

So seems "Violet" to me,—a genuine flower of the turf, opening its petals to the kiss of its father, the Sun-God; exhaling its beauty and perfume on the air of its home, human life, reaching up to the dear and far blue sky, imitating its tender blue, yet with earth clinging all about it. She has just peeped out, and "cannot leave her mammy yet," but she will soon unfold her wings—the splendors of that life—now half hidden in the earth, in the great immeasurable blue above her.

Do you see from this that I think it a simple, natural and pretty story, which children will gladly read? I hope you will have the story published in book form.

You know me, I suppose, as being somewhat exacting in the article of literature. Only a few books seem to me worth the cost of printing, to say nothing of the time spent in reading them, and the

strain upon one's optic nerve in following the printed letters; especially the class known as light literature. Of this the "yellow kivered" school I denominate books in the last stage of delirium tremens; then comes those in the milder stages of inebriation, the maudlin, sniveling sort, comparatively harmless, but useless, also. Everywhere, false, vicious sentiment, unnatural, gaudy or hideous coloring, monstrous conceptions.

Truth, Nature, Life, simple and healthy sentiment, pure and exalted ideas, angels that wander unhoused, unfed, unloved; O, may they come into our hearts and homes! E. A. L.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

Cross Anchor, S. C., Nov., '59.

* * * You have doubtless heard of the suspension of our little sheet, the Carolina Progressionist. Its suspension will be its death. Free thought cannot yet be advocated through an organ designed especially for its promulgation, here in the South. The time has not arrived, and glorious Reform still slumbers, only to be awakened in the future. But Progression will roll on when the proper time has arrived, just as she ultimates an oak from the smallest twig. Such are the ways of Nature; and her ways or laws are germs of wisdom which we should study and conform our lives to. Let us be prudent, radical but rational, and we shall succeed in the end.

Clayton and myself were alone in the cause in Carolina. We battled fearlessly, and till all hopes had departed; then thinking discretion the better part of valor, we thought the most good could be effected by adopting other means.

I now think I shall leave the South. My inclination is to the North, where I expect to spend the greater part of my days in the future of this life. I think I will adopt New York State as my future home. Clayton expects to go North next spring. He is impressed toward Ohio. I wish to embrace an atmosphere which is socially, intellectually, etc., in harmony with my own. I know conservatism is in the majority North, but reform in the North is far ahead of the South. I must close.

For Reform ever Yours, D. L. DAVIS.

* * * * As Bro. Finney has been for some time vigorously showing up the "Errors of the Bible" in your columns, would it not be well to invite some candid and intelligent person to exhibit its Truths and Beauties? I think when we get rid of the dogma of Infallible Inspiration, we are vastly better prepared than before to appreciate the real value of that blessed Book.

A. E. N.

* * * * Many of the most advanced reformers deeply love the Bible, especially when viewed in the light of the life and interpretations of the "Elder Brother." He was crucified once, let us not crucify him again.

Excuse this from one that loves,

H.

At the Salem Quarterly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, held at Fairmount, Ohio, Nov. 13th, 1859, the following Preamble and Resolution was unanimously adopted.

Whereas, John Brown and several of his associates are under condemnation of death, for attempting to procure the liberty of slaves in Virginia, and as we believe that all men have a natural birth-right to freedom, and that John Brown was guilty of no crime in his efforts to secure them their liberty, therefore

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with these men in their unfortunate situation, and that the final infliction of the penalty, will be in violation of the eternal principles of Justice and Humanity.

ISAAC TRESPCOTT, } Clerks.
ESTHER HARRIS, }

SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

QUINCY, Ill., Oct. 24, 1859.

EDITOR AGITATOR,—I send you another translation from the "Revue Spiritualiste." It is part of a letter from a Major in the Dutch Army, containing an account of a case of direct communication of spirits. The facts transpired at the Hague in Holland.

Another letter to the editor of the "Revue," from Angers, in France, detailing a communication with the spirit of a poor girl, who was burned to death by accident, in that city, so late as August last, would be of great interest to your readers; but its length forbids my sending it at present.

Yours for Humanity, M. DURAIS

THE HAGUE, Aug. 25, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:

In my last letter, which appeared in the fifth number of the "Revue Spiritualiste," I alluded, among other things, to a spirit that spoke. We now have two such, that not only speak to us, but give us direct communications in writing in our presence. Though the writing is performed only in darkness, we hear distinctly the movement of the pencils that we lay upon the table beside a piece of paper. When the spirits have finished writing they put the paper into our hands again.

But the most remarkable case of direct communication which we have had, occurred recently in a cemetery at the Hague. This case I report at length, as from its importance, it deserves to be seasonably known by your readers. The occurrence happened on the twentieth of last June. A friend of mine, a medium, a person of some repute in the city, and the head of a family, was on terms of close intimacy with another family, the lady of which, named Rosa, died a year and a half ago of consumption. Having had the care of four sisters, all of whom died of the same disease, and familiar with all the stages of her own malady, Rosa had predicted the day of her own demise. Desiring to bid a last adieu to my friend, she sent word to him to visit her the eve before her death. My friend not believing the danger so imminent, and besides being very much occupied that day, did not come till the next, when her death had already happened.—Bitterly regretting that he had not complied in season with the request of the deceased, and having since then made a study of Spiritualism, he decided on the 20th of June, above mentioned, to perform an act of devotion. He repaired to the cemetery, where he laid a half-sheet of blank paper, spread open (without pencil) under the flat stone that covers the grave of Rosa—having first ascertained that no one observed him in that solitary retreat, and that the paper was entirely concealed beneath the stone. He remained nearly an hour near the tomb in religious contemplation. The next day he returned to the cemetery, and digging under the stone, after some little search, he found again his sheet of paper, but negligently folded in an oblong form, and somewhat soiled by the earth. Opening the parcel, what was not his emotion upon reading its contents—a lithograph *fac simile* of which, I herewith send you.—[This *fac simile* is given in the *Revue Spiritualiste Trans.*]

The spirit of Cardan, who was born at Pavia in 1501 a physician, mathematician and astrologist, had made use of the hand of the spirit of Rosa to write in Latin an astrological formula, indicating the celestial sign under which Jesus Christ was born; also asserting that the prevailing incompetency in the use of that science, was not owing to the deficiency of the science itself, but to the lack of skill in scientific men; that is, doubtless, that Astrology is based in truth, but that its professors are wanting in capacity. Then follows two scrawls in the margin!

Next, Rosa writes in French for herself, calling

upon and compassionating her friend. This direct communication affected me profoundly. For me, this is now a phenomenon beyond question. Let science, when at some future day she shall take these grand facts under consideration, explain them as she will, I regard them as proofs, than which nothing can be more convincing, of the existence of spirits, and of the possibility of their connection with the physical world. Now for other facts.

At the beginning of the month of August, a friend of mine, a seeing medium, came to see me after having conducted an ailing friend to the house of the magnetizer, Regazzoni, who is here. He spoke to me of the famous magnetizer. For many months the spirits have had very little to do with this medium. He told me that Regazzoni, though believing in spiritualism, had remarked that he had never seen any manifestations, and that he would like nothing better than to be present at our sittings. The medium had hardly done speaking before we heard continuous rappings, upon the table. We then placed our hands upon it, and upon my asking whether the spirit desired to make the medium write, after making an affirmative response, I put paper and a pencil within reach of the medium. Presently he felt involuntary twitchings in the arm and right hand. Seizing the pencil he wrote these words: "Regazzoni ought to see here that spirits exist; we will convince him of it; here he ought to be convinced. Do you wish it? do you wish it? Why did you not return to me?"

Q.—When we go again to the cemetery, will you give us again direct communications?

A.—No; he will see me there.

Q.—If you can render yourself visible at the cemetery, I suppose you might do so at once?

Three raps were given in the affirmative.

There were four of us—my wife, a lady my cousin, the medium and myself. Receiving no response to my question whether the spirit could become visible to us all alike, we continued some moments silent, in expectation of seeing a spirit. The medium immediately placed his hand over the region of the heart, declaring that he felt a sharp pain like the piercing of a knife; he breathed with difficulty. At the same instant, he laid hold of my two arms strongly, crying out, "Almighty God! there she is before us, seated on that chair, between the piano and the door of your room—there! there! Do you not see her? she is in white, and in the same style of dress that she wore while living among us. She holds me fast, and my eyes meet hers." (The apparition continued about a half a minute.) "Ah! there she is gone!" said the medium, at last, who, after the ecstasy had passed, told us that he saw something like a cloud enveloping human figures pass before the piano. Presently he felt a slight shock in his eyes, when he re-entered his normal state. The rest of us saw nothing.

The spirit now began to rap on the table.—Thanking her for her courtesy, I asked if she knew where her brother (who leads a very dissolute life) was; writing through the medium, she replied: "In Texas."

Q.—"Is he happy?"

A.—"No; unhappy."

Q.—"What is he doing there?"

A.—"He is a squatter. I leave you. Good day, my friends, till we meet again. This is my hour of prayer. Adieu."

This sitting, not requested in advance, took place in full light, though the blaze of the lamp was a little diminished.

After the eleventh of August, a spirit came to write by the hand of a young lady, the alphabet, or rather one of the alphabets of the world of spirits, a copy of which, I will send you in my next letter.

Unfortunately our sittings cannot be held regularly, because we cannot command the services of

our mediums at pleasure, as they all belong to the higher ranks of society. We hope, however, to be better organized next winter. If the sittings, which we propose to hold with M. Regazzoni produce any interesting results, I will keep you informed in regard to them. Till we meet, &c., REVIVUS.

Major in the Dutch Army at the Hague.

Northampton, Mass.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE AGITATOR: Believing that the friends of Spiritualism and reform rejoice to hear even from the remotest corners of the earth, of the advancement of truth and religious freedom, I hastily pen a few lines for the perusal of the good, strong and brave souls, the readers and investigators of spiritualism, that glean from the columns of the fearless Agitator, the glad tidings of the times.

The beautiful village of Northampton contains some brave and earnest souls, laboring for the good of all. Of course the churches denounce the power that takes the crown of holiness from the priestly brow; that tells man he is to be his own Saviour, witness and judge. Of course Spiritualism with them, is of the Devil, of whom they appear to know so much. They cannot bear its searching and discovering light, its broad humanitarian views, its limitless conceptions of a God all love. Who that worships a finite, enthroned, revengeful Deity, can accept the spirit Father and Mother of uncounted worlds?

In spite of opposition our good cause prospers. Uriah Clark, of the Spiritual Clarion, one of those earnest and unassuming laborers, who need no trumpet tones to herald their approach, has visited us, and given two lectures in Central Hall,—our usual meeting place in Northampton,—and one discourse in Florence, a progressive and thriving village two miles from here. He was appreciated as he deserved to be. Then followed Gibson Smith, another of the true hearts, nobly sworn to the cause of righteousness. Very much in the manner of our brother Finney, he spoke upon the so-called infallibility of the Bible, and proved its contradictions and inconsistencies, that stamped it the work of men and subordinate spirits, not as the revelation of the Great and Infinite Spirit of the Universe.

He also lectured in Florence, and gave much satisfaction to the hearts of believers, as well as salutary doubts, and a new mode of reasoning to the creed-bound sectarians, who shocked at first, will despite of themselves, reflect and reason.

I have been informed that that good and true co-laborer for the cause of Truth and Justice, W. M. Lanning, formerly of Baltimore, intends to accompany Dr. Redman in his Southern and Western tour. I have never met with the latter gentlemen, but have heard much of the wonderful tests of spirit power and presence given through him. Together, these friends cannot fail of doing much good, where-soever they go. They will stop at Macon, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis and other places, where their ministrations may be of service.

As the cry of "give us tests," is so loud, it appears that spirits are complying with the demand, in sending J. V. Mansfield and Dr. Redman to give of the beautiful ministrations of the departed, and teach the people of a true and progressive immortality. God speed the day when man will be freed from creed shackles, and woman's soul be bound no longer in religious bondage. Oh! the sweet prophecies of the future, of the regenerated earth; they overwhelm me with their magnitude and beauty! Free from churchly fetters, from chains of wrong, from bonds of sense, how angel-like the life on earth shall be! And loving spirits whisper, "fear not, this is earth's certain future."

Hoping that those of our mediums, who regard Truth above pay, and the desire of imparting good beyond mere worldly applause, will favor us with their ministrations when they come this way. I am as ever, dear friends, and readers of the Agitator, your gladly serving

CORA WILBURN.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

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VIOLET.—A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

CHAPTER V.

Mother likes our new girl very much; her name is Bridget Maisland. She came with her brother from Cork, in Ireland, to Newport. Our house is the first place of refuge she has found. Mother was prevailed upon to take her and teach her. She commits many funny mistakes.

One day mother said, "Bridget, go out into the cook-house, and bring in the clothes horse." After being absent some time she returned, leading a live horse by the bridle. He was very noisy; and on his resisting, she tried to force him up the steps, saying, "An' indade ma'm, an' he won't come no how."

Another time, mother sent her for the spider; and she returned after a lengthy time, with a live specimen in her hand. She approached mother with it poised on the tips of two fingers, saying, "An' indade, ma'm, it's all the bit of spider I can find; I kilt him intirely, by knockin' the breath out of his black body before I tetched him; an' it's me that would like to know, please your ladyship, what ye'll do with him, the ugly black thing."

Then again we had company to dine with us quite unexpectedly. It was a very warm day, and mother thought we could get along nicely, with a little cold meat, and such accompaniments as we could bring together at short notice. When the ladies came in, father procured some lobsters and sent them in to Bridget for boiling. Mother went out to give her directions, then returned to the parlor, thinking it perfectly safe to leave her. But a short time elapsed before the bell rang for dinner. We seated ourselves, and after "grace," we looked around the table; there before us was seated a plate of what, we did not know; it was very black, and in little shrivelled pieces. Mother looked very dubiously at the unpalatable looking dish, then went out to Bridget for an explanation; which was, she had taken the creatures by the tongs and held them on the griddle; "for they would n't stay in the pot no how." Said she, "they kicked and thrashed like the old un; I found they would not stay there, so I cut them up and fried them."

Bridget was very much disappointed in not receiving commendation instead of reproof. Mother was exceedingly mortified at her blunder. Mother says she is a good-hearted, but a very wild, enthusiastic creature, and much devoted to her Catholic forms of religion. We have a small house built in the lower part of the yard for the pigs. Every morning before daylight, or if she has a moment to spare through the day, she will seat herself on the roof of the sty, to say her prayers. It matters not how hard the wind blows, or how cold the air is, or whether it storms, or is sunshine; she is not deterred from going there. Sometimes she will take a wider range, leap over the fence and go over to the fields opposite, and perch upon a stone wall, or kneel in the midst of the snow.

It is a strange, almost unearthly, but highly picturesque sight, to see her far out in the distant field, kneeling in that sea of snow, often reaching up to her waist, with her long, black, straight hair streaming in the wind, her uncovered arms resting upon the snow, her hands clasped, or counting her beads, and her face upturned to Heaven. O, if I were only a painter, what a fine picture she would make, taken in one of her devotional moods.

Sunset—brilliant, beautiful, is before me. Everything on which I gaze, is clothed with it. O how it does refresh my heart, stirring up the very depths of my soul in prayer! Few dream how strongly this

wild heart of mine beats to every thing that is lovely and good! I hope the time may come when the good thoughts can soften, and work their way out into my sharaacter. Often when night approaches with her pleasant quiet, I feel my soul lit up by their beauty, and the remembrance of them, the following day often remains, like the sweet essence of roses, to cheer and comfort me.

I often feel the sportiveness,
Of fancy play through every vein,
And strive with all my might to feel,
It's brilliant light upon my brain.

Thought after thought will pass my mind,
Star after star its gleams will throw,
Gem after gem will light upon
My soul, as fresh, and pure as snow.

Flashing and trembling in their joy,
Throwing their jets across my sky,
But timid from my reaching hand,
The bright-winged angels stoop and—fly.

Miss Manton gave us an excellent lecture on character and discipline last evening. There's that word again! I am beginning to be reconciled to it; for I know I need it more than almost any one.

Bridget is very kind to us all, and would be very indulgent, could she have her own way. The other day Carrie was told to clean the silver spoons, when Bridget took them out of her hand, saying, "Poor little thing, she sh'n't do it, an' it's too bad for thim delicate little hands."

Mother reproved her very gently, but firmly, and told her she must never interfere with her arrangements, that she knew what was best for her little girls, for she wanted them to grow up to be useful. Said she, "If they learn while young, work will come easier; and then when they are older, they will be able to fill any station in life to advantage."

Last Saturday, mother let me mix the brown bread, all myself! but I had to stand on a cricket to do it, for I was almost too short for the table. Sister Annie makes all the cake. That's the best part of the work. I think I shall be very glad when mother thinks I am old enough for that. I made a loaf of white bread a few weeks ago, and forgot the salt. Brother William said 'twas not very nice, and it mortified me exceedingly; but mother encouraged me by saying, that was the only fault; so I recovered from my disappointment.

I've been in the habit of boiling molasses, much to my mother's annoyance. I suppose she wouldn't care, only I spoil so many tin cups by forgetting them, and letting it boil over until the whole house is filled with smoke. I took a fancy the other day to have some, and put it in the oven, with the intention of remembering it well; but I forgot it and went to school. When I returned home, I smelled it very plainly. My heart misgave me when I went in, and I searched all around for the molasses. I found only a few black coals of something, but the cup was not to be seen. While I was searching, I spied my mother standing in the pantry, with her back toward me, holding in her hand a tin cup, pouring something out of it into an earthen dish for gingerbread. She did not look up at me, but I saw she was smiling, and I was glad to be let off so easily. At night brother asked mother if it was not the best gingerbread she ever made, and trod meaningly on my toes. I don't think I shall forget it very soon.

On returning home from school to-day, I found the house all in a state of confusion. On inquiring the cause, mother said we were having reformation in the churches, and there were a number of strange ministers coming in the town, some few of whom, she should try to accommodate; but she had considerable to do in arranging things, and if I would take Ella out a little while it would be of much assistance to her.

Ella is just as cunning as can be; she is beginning to talk, and the way she tunes out "mamma!" is perfectly bewitching. Her voice is like the

sweetest fall of music. I don't know what we could do without her, the house would be lonely indeed. As soon as she hears the children in the street, when school is out, she claps her little hands, points to the window and says, "Buba, Thusa, Nana," and then throws kisses from the window, with her hands, to the little ones passing. Mother says she is really worth seeing, she looks and acts so delighted.

At night when we say our prayers, Ella will bend her little face close to ours, clasp her little hands, and say in her baby tones, "Our Farder, Our Farder, Vio., Lella thays Our Farder."

Who can help loving her? Every time I walk out with her, there's a lady who stops me and says: "Ah! here comes my little girl." Then she takes her in her house, and pets her, and weeps over her by turns. The lady says Ella is just like one she lost a few weeks ago. She wished me to ask my mother to stay with her a little while.

Yesterday Mrs. Borden, for that was the lady's name, wished to know where my mother lived. She said if I would stop after school at night, she would call on her. Mrs. Borden was all ready for me, waiting, as she said, with a little feeling of impatience. After an introduction to mother, she declared the object of her visit. She told mother she had lost a little girl who resembled Ella very much, and who was of the same age. She was so overpowered with the resemblance to her little daughter, she could scarcely forbear accosting her with the name of her own lost Ada. Since then she had watched for her coming with great solicitude. She said she felt great love for her, and while my mother had such a number of little ones to make life pleasant, she was singularly bereaved, having lost husband and daughter at one fearful blow. She had no prattling children to fill up her dark and lonely hours. There was no sweet voice at evening time, when the heart beats most sadly, to ring out with her melodious laughter, cheering her soul with pleasant little words! Did my mother think she could be brought to part with her? She would love to care for her; she would do every thing she could to make Ella happy; and if my mother desired it, she would preserve the relationship sacred, of mother and daughter. She didn't care by what name Ella called her, she only desired to render herself dear to the child, and so attach her to herself. Her very soul was crying out for the love of that little one; "at least," said she, "could not Ella be allowed to visit me often? Even that poor privilege I would be very grateful for."

Mother's eyes filled with tears as she listened to the sorrowful, touching petition, but she could not spare her darling, to fill the lost one's place. She said, however, if it would be the means of bringing happiness to her home, Ella should be allowed to go and see her often.

The lady wept very bitterly, but at last my mother's gentle words had a very soothing effect. She arose, extended her hand and thanked her over and over again for her kindness. She called mother her sister, her angel of light, her angel of mercy and love, and invoked the choicest blessings upon her head. Then she clasped little Ella to her breast, and put a ring on her finger, saying it was one of Ada's, and Ella must never take it off.

Ella's little lip quivered with sympathy, though she did not understand, and she murmured, "Poor lady! poor lady! Lella loves you."

Mrs. Borden's visit saddened us very much, for we felt how desolate she must be, with no little child, or any one near and dear to love her.

She could not say too much in praise of my mother, for she is truly the angel of our household. I do many things to wound her heart. I feel so grieved when I think I have pained her so often, but she is very forgiving! I do not think there are many little children blessed with such a sensible, and such a good parent.

[To be Continued.]

MANHOOD.

Stand up in thy manhood, and sell not thy heart,
Where truth is endangered, O there take a part!
Shrink not from thy duty, but press boldly on
Till justice has triumphed and victory is won.

Stand up in thy manhood, and brave the dark storm,
Let principles triumph, pure virtues to form,
Tho' friends all forsake thee—adversity lower,
The future hath brightness for life's darkest hour.

Stand up in thy manhood, be bold and be free;
Stand up in thy manhood, wherever thou be;
Be firm and unshaken, oh! battle for life!
Go forth to the conquest—be first in the strife.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Those for whom we advertise are requested to act as agents for the Agitator.

THE ADDRESS of L. K. Coonley, during December, will be Memphis, Tenn., care J. E. Chadwick.

O. L. SUTLIFF is again in the Lecturing Field. His post office address is Ravenna, O.

LINDLY M. ANDREWS, Trance Speaker, expects to travel in Ohio and the East the coming winter, and will answer calls to Lecture upon the Harmonial Philosophy.

Those desiring his services may address him Agitator office, Cleveland, O.

MISS MARY THOMAS, a Trance Speaker may be addressed, Richmond, Ind.

SPEAKERS ADDRESSES.—Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, Montpelier, Vt.; Miss Lizzie Doten, Plymouth, Mass.; H. P. Fairfield, Greenwich Village, Mass.; Mrs. S. Maria Bliss, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. S. Warner, Milan, O.; W. A. Hume, Cleveland, A. B. French, Clyde, O.; E. Case, Jr., Osseo, Mich.; M. Van Avery, Madison, O.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Milan, O., the 6th and in Cincinnati, the 13th, 20th and 27th of November. He can be addressed at Cincinnati, until the 27th.

DR. JAMES COOPER's address is Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK, (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Oswego every Sunday in November; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th and Jan. 1st and 8th; Memphis, Tenn., in Feb.; St. Louis in March. Applications for week evenings will be attended to.

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